way, owing not to you, but to those stupid old
& stereotyped, Sanderhopscotchy families, Slap-dander
we made our appointment with the them,
Loud Speaker man — he has a tip for making
every fiddle squeak divinely even at
Rodmell — & rushed out violent
impetuously into a Camera shop instead
& bought a superb Zeiss camera, costing
£20, & said to be enclosed in the
portrayal of the human — of mine can be seen
to be human-face- do I shall send for
a whole series of Virginia, & you will say
very properly Come the woman for a
Stick silver mine of vanity- Then will
be born very word, & perhaps too: but
also it shall record the noble features of the
Ostling Cat, the Concentrated Cat, the
fighting indomitable Cat, who began this
life by being a Cock, then became a hen, &
is all the time a Dame of the British Empire
Shame! Shame & Shame
on her!

Rota 2.4.63

NYPL

(Waver MS lost
Found!)

52,
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.
Telephone: Museum 2621.

~~Thursday~~
Monday 28 July 1931

A miracle happened.

I turned over all my papers; was in despair;
found only a rough first draft; sat down to
re-write; gave a sweep of my hand; looked
up: there was the carbon copy before me.
The mystery remains, about the Original: but I
sent off the carbon: & saved my sanity. But
it is bad, alas —

V.W.

Sunday.

What I don't see any possibility of meeting you on the pier. Some sort of meeting, after Station Inspector, could have been arranged for Tuesday had it not been fixed - O Lord Lord why does do I hate these necessary formalities so violently? — that we should spend Tuesday at Worthing, in a hotel bedroom, with lots of sugar cakes & almond paste taken from a cupboard. My mother-in-law — poor old lady - yes, I know all that: she's been ill; is alone with a maid; hates all other old ladies;

sends me large lots of cream by way of a bribe.
I've been out in my boat though. I had one
walk [NYPL] on the Downs; — & so can't I mustn't
complain. And tonight we develop our first
photographs. But I came in from my walk to find
5 people calling.
all very very nice;
but after three
sittings, not to be,
not to be seen, is
all I ask.

Well, goodbye.

If you should have time to
write, or care for some one
address whose letters are
to welcome. Pen is helpless.

Rota 2.V.63

LEWES
SUSSEX
6. —PM
2 AUG

Dame Ethel Smyth
C/o Alderman Alia Hudson
4 St John's Mansions
Eastbourne

4 Aug
31

30 May

No, no — I wasn't alone — I wasn't meaning 1931
to dine here, but at Rembetzki. L was
here. It suddenly occurred to me that we
might have our ceremonial dinner — but
it was too late to arrange, & as L.
pointed out, it was an absurd idea, as my
part, considering I had left a thousand things
to do. I'm sorry I disturbed you with
the suggestion: a mere phantasy born of the
delicious relief of having done with sitting
I spent the evening in victorious preparation for flight,
today

Monday
10 August 1931

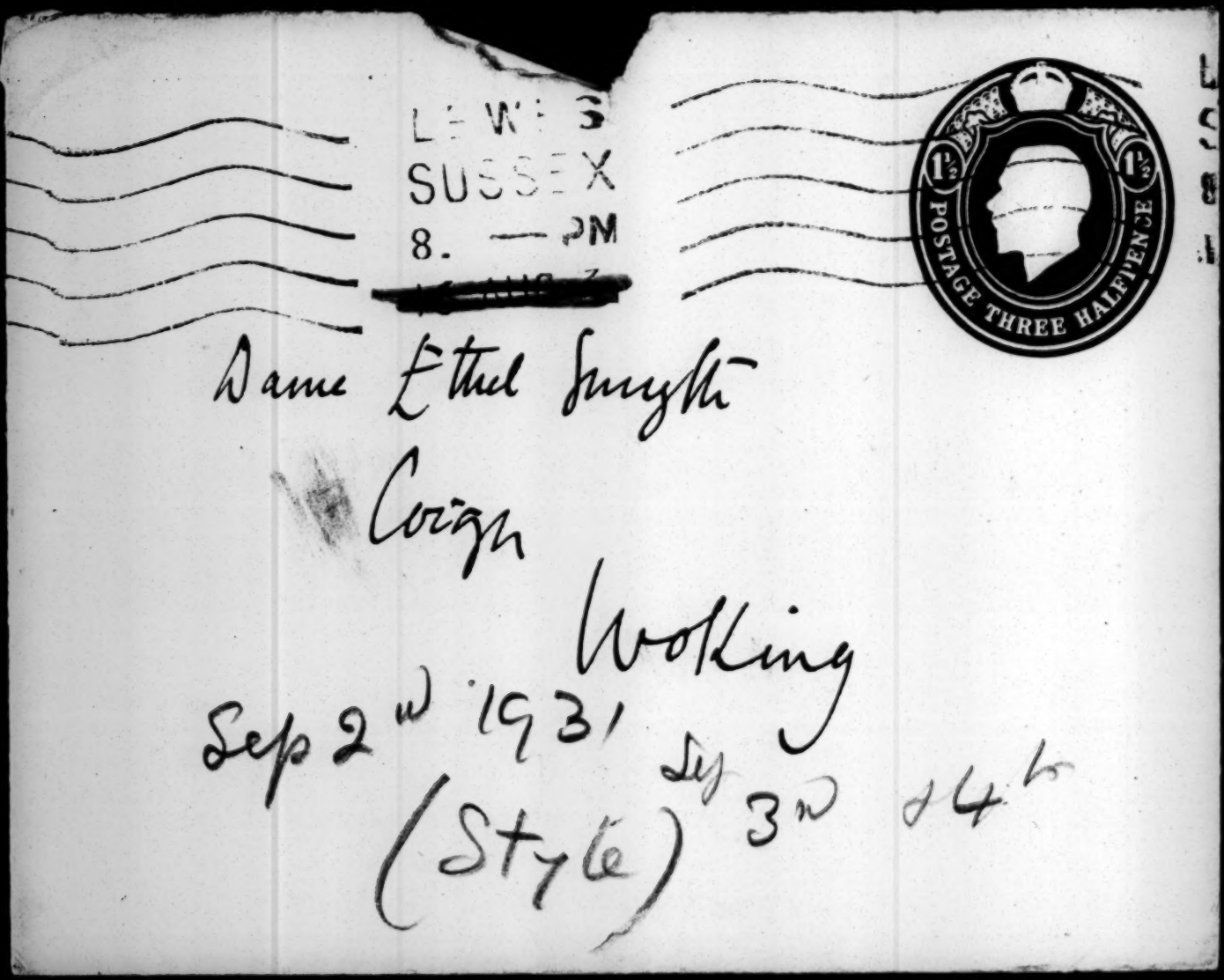
Mark House,
Rodmell.

Oh yes, my dear Ethel, I did notice that there were no white snowdrops on my plate with your rabid masterly hand — but I read it merely, with a sigh, She is otherwise engaged. Why should she think of ~~me~~ me? This beastly nasty modest beginning to the day has been of that service to me Rhetorically. For the rest - let me see: headache; bed; (too much aging mother in law cream affecting the liver is it? — the Spleen?) up: boating; down tide at a rush; meeting 22 embattled Swans; necks stretched hissing; towing boat home; — one or two walks; some callers; photography; developing at night in a cavern hung with red Calico — hence many films spoilt; but some are tremendously ugly a very like; — I am putting them back down to soothe my own agitation; now that I have read, two minutes ago, my last batch of proofs: I find ~~to~~ be too hard on me. No, I swear it wore being a waltz than an operation: anyhow yr. Car Day Its love, or the Tenor has a cough; or

the Conductor, having cohabited to tunes in one night
with the soprano is not up, now, to the Scratch. Whereas faced
by cold print which can neither cough nor cohabit,
what excuse is there for the Wanes? That is what I
ask myself this cold raing morning, sitting out here in
the Lodge, with the lively prospect of people to tea.
And from the likes & lavender of Working will come no
answer. What a farce letter writing is to be sure!
Why do we want letters! All I say is false. I mean,
so much has to be left out that what remains is like the NYPL
finger print in salt of some huge pachydermatous
fraduchid which no private house could contain. My
brain is rather on the hop: Nip & Skip: have it settled, a
I should, to read all Donne, all Sidney, all a writin
genius never heard of called dear Brooke. When I've
had my last proof I pray God that I may recover my
balance & settle in & wrap myself in philosophy against the
winter & all its blows.

Well, you say we shant meet? Why, of course at
Rottingdean dont you — but hush! I feel myself on
the verge of one of those obtusenesses which my psychological
blindness so often produces. I know so little what people
feel, want, are. For Example, are you enjoying life?
Are you happy? What is your opinion of the Wrekens?
And Virginia; & Leonard; & life as a whole? Also, is the
Duchesse du Clermont-Tonnerre a friend of yours?
Because I dont want her to be a friend of mine. So
please Ethel write a Explain
Everything. V.

Rote 2.4.63


LEWES
SUSSEX
8. — PM
POSTAGE THREE HALFPENCE
Dame Ethel Smyth
Coign
Woking
Sep 2nd 1931
(Style)

Monks Horton

Sunday. Aug 16. 1931.

That walk seems to me perfectly straightforward & clear – the hypothesis I mean. I don't see that even I, who boggle at trifles, could get this one wrong. Of course, as you say, it's the bones of a mammoth merely – but I don't find any essential, any a rib or a phrase missing. Only the brain; what will be there when the orchestra starts the first bar.

I see you ask for a definite answer about the 21st–24th. If that is so, I think it had better be Alas, utterly impossible: for then begins: on Friday I go to London for the day (you don't believe it, but

I always go up when I go, about every 10 days). On Saturday we may have our partner, Lehmann, whom we have to take to Charleston on Sunday. On Monday my mother in law comes to lunch & stays. I suppose, till Tu. or W. It is possible, but that I can't know yet, that Lehmann can't come: he's abroad. There remains London, Lunch on Friday. But I daresay that's no good to you: Anyhow lunch is a horrid meal — I often it vaguely, desperately. You, who are so Expert at organisation, can decide what trouble, what impossible — I give it up.

I sent an open letter to Lady Cecil — it seemed to me a brilliant portrait of Virginia Woolf, a lady I detest, but do not like, — I have nothing much to do with. And then one says one 'knows'

NYPL

people! That austere priestess, who only wants one human being, a half of one, — a recluse — a fanatic — that the woman you think it worth coming to me! That the woman you do see. But my dear Ethel, why not sit at Maurice Barry's window & look at the marine view, or the noble & immaculate Downs! — why trouble to touch such a frozen-dish stump - Lord! I exclaim again (not ~~the~~ for the first time) what a farce friendship is! But I'm delighted that this version should be current, because the more people think F.W. a stern, chill, cold, immaculate, unapproachable, — a hermit who only sees her own set — the more free I merely am to be myself. And then I had not see Lady Craik. I've not had my boat out all this week — But I've taken some photographs & am now coiled in a desperate grabble with the last pages of that wearysome book: I shall finish tomorrow; but must then